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Untitled

S. Adams

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NOAH'S ARK

Jennifer Schradeya

rubber gloves, surgical tape
big pink q-tips
they stink of my regret

If my mother doesn't remind me, I'll forget

when I met you I ran
for two years I ran

I was scared of the tubes
the bandages, the medicines
they stink of my regret

If your pictures don't remind me I'll forget

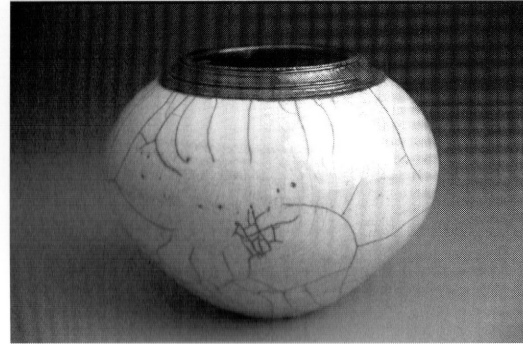
but you knew me anyway
but you loved me anyway

you touched everyone you met
but me

PIXEL PIXIE

Lillie Vermillion

You don't impress me –
mere colored pixel pixie.
I don't wish I were you
in your size zero pants.
I don't wish I were you
with your pixel-boy romance.
You don't impress me –
mere colored pixel pixie.



S. Adams

raw

Nicole Lynn

I recall the felt-like mirage
of his skin against my whimsical,
sheet-stained body;
the emulsion, narrowed by heat
and friction and deceit,
left nothing to be discovered;
if nights would allow me to lean
against the walls of these memories,
the nakedness would reappear